

r/HFY · Posted by u/Mercury_the_dealer 4 hours ago   

Godless.

 OC

Almost all sentients have gods.

It is a fact of the universe. Intelligent life is rare and few planets can accommodate it, with even fewer being able to accommodate sentients without the assistance of gods.

Those few sentients that can somehow survive in a world moulded only by evolution are quickly taken as glorified pets, slaves and everything in between, depending on what god the holy species follows.

Gods play their mysterious divine game with their chosen ones, they make them go to war, to peace, to break and make alliances. Different gods have different ideals and motives.

Gods of war send their people to battle, sometimes for an honourable death, other times for mindless plundering. Gods of science send their children to explore the unknown. Gods of commerce send theirs' to acquire riches. Etc, etc.

A twisted game to increase their people's faith on them and entertain themselves at the same time.

All species talk and worship their gods, they are the reason their civilizations exist and left their planets to explore the depths of space after all.

Except for one.

They have thousands of names, some call them "The godless", others whisper among themselves about "The dead race", a few named them "The end of all"

What many forget is that they also gave a name to themselves.

"Humans"

By all accounts the humans should have perhaps the most powerful patron god of all. They are strong and fast, characteristics found on the children of gods of war, but they are also crafty, greedy, smart, all common things for the chosen of a commerce god.

The more we looked into it the clearer it became that humanity had almost all gifts from the gods.

Yet they claimed to have none.

In fact, they claimed that their strength came from modifying their bodies by themselves.

That was truly terrifying.

The first ones to meet the humans were, thankfully, the Pacemafe. They gave them the usual talk: Join us into a peaceful galaxy and we will keep you safe, blah blah blah.

The humans refused.

The Pacemafe asked the humans to please speak with their deity and tell it to reconsider.

The humans explained they didn't have a deity and got out of their planet all by themselves.

We should all be glad that the Pacemafe are peaceful and thus decided to leave humanity alone instead of declaring war on such an abomination to the holy.

Gods know their species would not have lasted all that long.

The Frimilit weren't so wise of course. A warrior species with no god that somehow left their planet, modified their own bodies and conquered the stars? Their very existence was deemed a sin that needed to be exterminated in the name of Spart.

Fleets were prepared and Spart's children invaded the human territory with no resistance. Soldiers blessed by one of the great gods of war were led to the human worlds and a single small asteroid belt stood between them and the nearest colony.

Victory was guaranteed.

The Frimilit never even saw the hundreds of thousands of bombs planted in the asteroid belt.

The species didn't last all that long against the humans after they lost their biggest fleet.

Upon seeing such an absolute victory by the humans, Spart himself offered to become humanity's adoptive god, he offered them strength and power the likes of which few could deny.

They shot his corporeal form with an orbital railgun.

They really wanted to make it clear they were the few.

A few species and gods tried to beat the humans, some for revenge, some to teach the apes a lesson.

They all lost.

Humanity soon became one of the great species in the galaxy, the type of species that shoots any and all that dared step onto their territory but just kept to themselves. Many were just glad that they decided to become isolationist instead of exterminators.

But many more, mortal and divine alike, were mad at such attitude towards holy species and their gods. So mad in fact that they decided to do something never done in millennia: an all-seeing divine ritual.

It is expensive and difficult, but with the cooperation of multiple gods and priests it is possible to give a single mortal the ability to see the absolute truth of things, the ability to see the creation of another god's species.

If humanity truly was godless then the moment the vessel gazed upon humanity's birth they would simply see a common human in their homeworld among the other animals, but if humanity did have a god then they would finally be able to see it in its true form and know humanity's possible weaknesses.

A priestess from Videum was chosen for the ritual, her mind was young and capable, perfect for the ritual that could drive even the gods into insanity. Mortal minds lack divine knowledge but they are more flexible than a god's, thus the need for a mortal.

Blessings were given and taken, holy alloy was smelted and divine tears were shed, the pool of the all-seeing divine was prepared.

The priestess submerged in it.

He had done it.

There, before his trembling feet, was **THE** god.

And it was dead.

Well, dead wasn't correct term, inactive would be more appropriate, a giant glob of concentrated divine energy couldn't really be killed. Especially by a mortal.

The man kneeled and took a closer look at the "dead" body. It was... gigantic, bigger than entire galaxies, perhaps bigger than the universe, but at the same time it was smaller than an atom. The man focused his mind and his senses tried their best to

understand the impossible nature of the slain divine, they finally gave up and decided to interpret it as a white human-shaped light.

The man touched the “body” of the “dead” god, he could feel its power, its strength.

He could absorb it, he could become **THE** god, bring back his people, build a utopia, a new age for good.

He grabbed at **THE** god’s “flesh” and tore a piece.

He threw the piece as far as he could.

He could see the “flesh” move through the air and leave the last planet in existence. The man knew what would happen: the divine energy of the piece would create another god.

He tore and threw **THE** god’s “flesh” again and again. Bits of its eyes would become gods of sight, muscles would become war gods, nerves would give birth to gods of knowledge, on and on.

He did it again and again until there was only one thing left: its heart.

The man took **THE** god’s heart with care. He could feel the energy inside it, its will to live. A will which he had outdone with his own will to kill it.

He ate the heart.

The man stood once more as he felt the heart’s energy flow through him like a tsunami. He knew he was now the most powerful being in the universe, other gods were only small bits of flesh while he possessed **THE** god’s heart and his own will to survive and kill.

He touched the planet’s soil, it was the last planet to still stand in the universe, it deserved to be more than a grey mass.

He ordered the ground to move and it did so, creating mountains and valleys. He ordered rain to come and it did so, creating rivers, lakes, and oceans. He ordered the universe to turn bright and it did so, creating an inconceivable number of stars. Finally, he ordered life to spring on the planet and it did so. It wasn’t like life he remembered, there were no plants or animals, life needed to start slowly and carefully or it would grow weak, evolution led to strength and he wouldn’t allow his children to grow weak.

The man smiled and blessed the planet, not a blessing of prosperity but one of hardship, hardship that would be overcome and make his children stronger.

His duty was done, only one thing left.

He split his body, muscle and bone spread through the planet and washed his power and will throughout the land. Divine power greater than all gods was concentrated into the planet's soil and core, not in the uncaring manner **THE** god's power usually worked but instead filled with a single emotion: spite.

His children would never love him, they would never care about him, they would live and die while believing that their creator abandoned them to their fate.

They will grow and conquer the stars not because of his gentle guidance but because they will wish to spite the universe itself with their very existence, they will look into the uncaring eyes of space and scream "I AM HUMAN, I AM ALIVE!"

Like father, like son.

Perfect.

The priestess sat upon her desk as her hands shook like grass in the wind. She reached for the golden pen across from her and tried her best to write on the silver parchment.

'To all priest, priestesses and other servants of the holy.

I have come with grave news, today I have completed my ritual and successfully gazed upon humanity's birth.

I ask that you all confer with your leaders and deities and tell them to not anger or interact with humanity under any circumstances.

They do not have a god.

They have billions.'
